3 1761 01139429 3
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

PR
2411
G4
1911
ROBA

PRINTED FOR THE MALONE SOCIETY BY
HORACE HART M.A., AT THE
OXFORD UNIVERSITY
PRESS

YE C
M2577r

THE COMEDY OF GEORGE A GREEN

1599

124174
16/9/12

THE MALONE SOCIETY
REPRINTS [No. 3]
1911

This reprint of *George a Green* has been prepared by F. W. Clarke with the assistance of the General Editor.

Oct. 1911. W. W. Greg.

PR
2411
G4
1911

In the Stationers' Register appears the following entry:

primo die Aprilis [1595]

Entred for his copie under the wardens handes an Enterlude called the Pynder of Wakefeilde . . . . . vj^d Cuthbert Burbye /

[Arber's Transcript, II. 295.]

Whether Burby delayed acting upon this entry, or whether the original edition has perished, there is no means of telling, but no edition bearing an earlier date than 1599 is at present known. Of the edition of 1599 various copies are recorded. In the preparation of the present reprint those in the Bodleian and British Museum have been collated throughout, while reference has also been had to others in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire and Mr. T. J. Wise. No differences have been observed. The play is in quarto and is printed in an ordinary roman fount of which 20 lines measure 112 mm. This size is intermediate between modern English and Great Primer, and in the reprint it has consequently been necessary to replace it by English thin leaded.

The piece is known to have been performed, apparently as an old play, by the Earl of Sussex' men at the Rose playhouse in the winter of 1593–4, the following entries regarding it appearing in the Diary of Philip Henslowe (fol. 8^v):

R at gorge a gren the 29 [?28] of desemb3 1593 . . . . . iij^li x^s
R at gorge a grene the 2 of Ienewarye 1593 . . . . . xviij^s
R at the piner of wiackefelld the 8 of Ienewary 1593 . . . . . xxiij^s
R at gorge a grene the 15 of Ienewarye 1593 . . . . . xx^s
R at gorge a grene the 22 [?23] of Ienewarye . . . . . xxv^s

The text as we have it has almost certainly been cut down for some reason or other, and contains various inconsistencies, though these do not necessarily imply composite authorship.

On the question of authorship there is important but rather perplexing evidence. The copy of the play, namely, in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire has the following notes on the title-page. 'Written by . . . . . a minister, who ac[ted] the piñers ꝑt in it himself. Teste W Shakespea[re.]' 'Ed Iuby saith that the play was made by Ro. Gree[ne.]' The ends of the lines have been cropped in binding and the 'r' in the last word has apparently been altered, possibly from 'n'. There is no doubt that these two notes are in two different hands of the early seventeenth century, but their bearing is less clear. The writer of the first evidently did not know the name of the author but put a line of dots in its place. The second writer (who may also have inserted some smaller dots) has left it doubtful whether his note is intended as a confirmation or a correction. There is no evidence that Robert Green the author was ever in orders. Edward Juby was a well-known actor of the Lord Admiral's (subsequently Prince Henry's) company, but his history previous to 1595 is not known. It remains doubtful, however, how much importance should be attached to such anonymous memoranda as these in the absence of greater internal support for the attribution than can be claimed in the present case. The provenance of the inscribed copy seems rather doubtful: it apparently did not form part of the Kemble collection.

It has been suggested that both the 'Iohn Taylour' of l. 18 and the 'Will Perkins' of l. 1178 are names of actors which have accidentally crept into the text. This seems likely enough, but no record survives of either.

The main story of the play is also found in a prose

romance preserved in manuscript at Sion College. Whether an early printed edition ever existed is not known. That the romance was the original of the play seems likely, though it is not certain whether or not the actual manuscript that has survived is earlier than the seventeenth century. A different romance, which knows nothing of the chief events of the play, was printed in 1632. To this was appended a ballad on the same subject of which a late broadside is also known.

The thanks of the Society are due to His Grace the Duke of Devonshire for allowing the reproduction of the title-page to his copy of the play, to his librarian, Mr. J. P. Maine, for information as to readings, and to Mr. T. J. Wise for kindly placing his copy at the disposal of the editor.

List of Irregular and Doubtful Readings

20 *Iohn* (*Iohn.*)
tell,
21 *Iame*
81 ſo euer
105 eſteeeme
125 c.w. *George* (126 *George.*)
156 Right
229 (*belongs after* 230)
266 (*belongs after* 267)
280 Iame
296 Not
366 *Exeunt omnes.* (? *Exeunt below.*)
418 blew, (blew.)
419 Who
431 hoorſen
454 *Iacke* (i.e. *Ienkin*)
549 yonr
565 conſidering
580 reaſon (reaſon.)
587 them them
596 c.w. Goe (597 Go)
620 goes alone, (? gods a loue,)
626 hard-by
647 *Exit.* (*Exit Wily.*)
699 perſeuerance
(*i.e.* perceiverance)

737 But (*i.e.* But it)
749 wiſt, (? wiſht,)
795 *ground* (? *gowne*)
828 Gramercie, (? Gramercie)
889 him (? them)
893 their (? our)
906 Kend.
965 plunke,
990 Wakefield, (? Bradford,)
1043 (*belongs after* 1044)
1128 c.w. There- (1129 Therefore)
1156 ſhrub
1163 me, In
1164 vpou
1181 feee
1184 here: (*colon doubtful*)
1213 merit
1231 a b odie
1270 kneele (? ſtand)
1283 The hold of both:
1332 *Iamie*.

List of Characters

in order of appearance

Henry Momford, Earl of Kendal
Lord Bonfield
Sir Gilbert Armstrong
Sir Nicholas Mannering
} rebels.

John Taylor, a post.

a Justice
a Townsman
} of Wakefield.

George a Greene.
William Musgrove.
Cuddy, his son.
Grime.
Bettris, his daughter.
James, king of Scotland.
Lord Humes.
Ned, son of Jane a Barley.
Jane a Barley.
a Messenger.
Jenkin, a clown, servant to George.
Wily, boy to George.
Edward, king of England.
The Earl of Warwick.
Robin Hood.

Maid Marian
Scarlet
Much
} his followers.

a Shoemaker of Bradford.

Followers of Kendal, Scottish soldiers, English nobles, townsmen, shoemakers, attendants.

A

PLEASANT

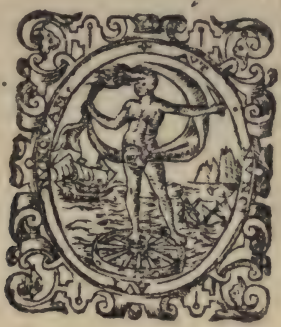
CONCEYTED CO-

medie of George a Greene, the Pinner of VVakefield. &c.

Written by . . . . . a minister, who as
by printed bl m it shewth. Tyth W. Shakespe

As it was sundry times acted by the seruants of the right Honourable the Earle of Sussex.

Ent. July sally yeLyr play way recd by Ro. Gras



Imprinted at London by Simon Stafford, for Cuthbert Burby: And are to be sold at his shop neere the Royall Exchange. 1599.

A pleaſant conceyted Comedie of *George a Greene*, the Pinner of Wakefield.

Enter the Earle of Kendall, with him the Lord Bonfild, Sir Gilbert Armeſtrong, and Iohn.

Earle of Kendall.

WElcome to Bradford, martiall gentlemen,
L. *Bonfild*, & ſir *Gilbert Armſtrong* both,
And all my troups, euē to my baſeſt groome,
Courage and welcome, for the day is ours:
Our cauſe is good, it is for the lands auayle:
Then let vs fight, and dye for Englands good.
Omnes. We will, my Lord.
Kendall. As I am *Henrie Momford*, Kendals Earle,
You honour me with this aſſent of yours,
And here vpon my ſword I make proteſt,



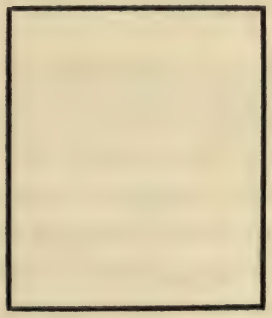
A

PLEASANT

CONCEYTED CO-

medie of *George a Greene*, the Pinner
of VVakefield.

As it was ſundry times acted by the ſeruants of the right Honourable the Earle of Suſſex.



Imprinted at London by Simon Stafford,
for Cuthbert Burby: And are to be ſold at his ſhop
neere the Royall Exchange. 1599.



A pleaſant conceyted Comedie of *George a Greene*, the Pinner of Wakefield.

Enter the Earle of Kendall, with him the Lord Bonfild, Sir Gilbert Armeſtrong, and Iohn. Sc. i

Earle of Kendall.

WElcome to Bradford, martiall gentlemen,
L. *Bonfild*, & ſir *Gilbert Armſtrong* both,
And all my troups, euẽ to my baſeſt groome,
Courage and welcome; for the day is ours:
Our cauſe is good, it is for the lands auayle:
Then let vs fight, and dye for Englands good.
Omnes. We will, my Lord.
Kendall. As I am *Henrie Momford*, Kendals Earle,
You honour me with this aſſent of yours,
And here vpon my ſword I make proteſt,

For to relieue the poore, or dye my ſelfe:
And know, my Lords, that *Iames*, the King of Scots,
Warres hard vpon the borders of this land:
Here is his Poſt: ſay, Iohn Taylour,
What newes with King Iames?
Iohn Warre, my Lord: tell, and good newes I trow:
For king *Iame* vowes to meete you the 26. of this month,
God willing, marie doth he ſir.
Kendall. My friends, you ſee what we haue to winne.
Well, Iohn, commend me to king Iames,
And tell him I will meete him the 26. of this month,
And all the reſt: and ſo farewell. *Exit Iohn.*
Bonfild, why ſtandſt thou as a man in dumps?
Courage: for if I winne, Ile make thee Duke:
I Henry Momford will be King my ſelfe,
And I will make thee Duke of Lancaſter,
And Gilbert Armeſtrong Lord of Doncaſter.
Bonfild. Nothing, my Lord, makes me amazde at all,
But that our ſouldiers findes our victuals ſcant:
We muſt make hauocke of thoſe countrey Swaynes:
For ſo will the reſt tremble and be afraid,
And humbly ſend prouiſion to your campe.
Gilb. My Lord Bonfild giues good aduice,
They make a ſcorne and ſtand vpon the King:
So what is brought, is ſent from them perforce;
Aske Mannering elſe.
Kend. What ſayeſt thou, Mannering?
Man. When as I ſhew'd your high commiſsion,

They

They made this anſwere,
Onely to ſend prouiſion for your horſes.
Kend. Well, hye thee to Wakefield, bid the Towne
To ſend me all prouiſion that I want;
Leaſt I, like martiall Tamberlaine, lay waſte
Their bordering Countries,
And leauing none aliue that contradicts my Commiſsion.
Man. Let me alone, my Lord, Ile make them
Vayle their plumes: for whatſoere he be,
The proudeſt Knight, Iuſtice, or other, that gaynſayeth
Your word, Ile clap him faſt, to make the reſt to feare.
Kend. Doe ſo Nick: hye thee thither preſently,
And let vs heare of thee againe to morrowe.
Man. Will you not remooue, my Lord?
Kend. No: I will lye at Bradford all this night,
And all the next: come, Bonfield, let vs goe,
And liſten out ſome bonny laſſes here. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter the Iuſtice, a Towneſman, George a Greene, and Sir Nicholas Mannering with his Commiſsion. Sc. ii

Iuſtice. M. Mannering, ſtand aſide, whileſt we conferre
What is beſt to doe.
Towneſmen of Wakefield, the Earle of Kendall
Here hath ſent for victuals;
And in ayding him, we ſhewe our ſelues
No leſſe than traytours to the King:
Therefore let me heare, Towneſmen,
What is your conſents.

Townef. Euen as you pleaſe we are all content.
Iuſtice. Then M. Mannering we are reſolu'd.
Man. As howe?
Iuſtice. Marrie ſir, thus.
We will ſend the Earle of Kendall no victuals,
Becauſe he is a traytour to the King;
And in ayding him we ſhewe our ſelues no leſſe.
Man. Why, men of Wakefield, are you waxen madde;
That preſent danger cannot whet your wits,
Wiſely to make prouiſion of your ſelues?
The Earle is thirtie thouſand men ſtrong in power,
And what towne ſo euer him reſiſt,
He layes it flat and leuell with the ground:
Ye ſilly men, you ſeeke your owne decay:
Therefore ſend my Lord ſuch prouiſion as he wants,
So he will ſpare your towne, and come no neerer
Wakefield then he is.
Iuſtice. Maſter Mannering, you haue your anſwere,
You may be gone.
Man. Well, Woodroffe, for ſo I geſſe is thy name,
Ile make thee curſe thy ouerthwart deniall;
And all that ſit vpon the bench this day,
Shall rue the houre they haue withſtood my Lords
Commiſsion.
Iuſtice. Doe thy worſt, we feare thee not.
Man. See you theſe ſeales? before you paſſe the towne,
I will haue all things my Lord doth want,
In ſpite of you.

George

George a Greene. Proud dapper Iacke, vayle bonnet to
The bench,
That repreſents the perſon of the King;
Or ſirra, Ile lay thy head before thy feete.
Man. Why, who art thou?
George. Why, I am George a Greene,
True liegeman to my King,
Who ſcornes that men of ſuch eſteeeme as theſe,
Should brooke the braues of any trayterous ſquire:
You of the bench, and you my fellowe friends,
Neighbours, we ſubiects all vnto the King,
We are Engliſh borne, and therefore Edwards friends,
Voude vnto him euen in our mothers wombe,
Our mindes to God, our hearts vnto our King,
Our wealth, our homage, and our carcaſes,
Be all King Edwards: then ſirra, we haue
Nothing left for traytours, but our ſwordes,
Whetted to bathe them in your bloods,
And dye againſt you, before we ſend you any victuals.
Iuſtice. Well ſpoken, George a Greene.
Towneſ. Pray let George a Greene ſpeake for vs.
George. Sirra you get no victuals here,
Not if a hoofe of beefe would ſaue your liues.
Man. Fellowe, I ſtand amazde at thy preſumption:
Why, what art thou that dareſt gaynſay my Lord,
Knowing his mighty puiſſance and his ſtroke?
Why, my friend, I come not barely of my ſelfe:
For ſee, I haue a large Commiſsion.

George

George. Let me ſee it, ſirra.
Whoſe ſeales be theſe?
Man. This is the Earle of Kendals ſeale at armes,
This Lord Charnel Bonfields,
And this ſir Gilbert Armeſtrongs.
George. I tell thee, ſirra, did good King Edwards ſonne
Seale a commiſsion againſt the King his father,
Thus would I teare it in deſpite of him,
He teares the Commiſsion.
Being traytour to my Soueraigne.
Man. What? haſt thou torne my Lords Commiſsion?
Thou ſhalt rue it, and ſo ſhall all Wakefield.
George. What, are you in choler? I will giue you pilles
To coole your ſtomacke.
Seeſt thou theſe ſeales?
Now by my fathers ſoule, which was a yeoman,
When he was aliue, eate them,
Or eate my daggers poynt, proud ſquire.
Man. But thou doeſt but ieſt, I hope.
George. Sure that ſhall you ſee, before we two part.
Man. Well, and there be no remedie, ſo George,
One is gone: I pray thee no more nowe.
George. O ſir, if one be good, the others cannot hurt.
So ſir, nowe you may goe tell the Earle of Kendall,
Although I haue rent his large Commiſsion,
Yet of curteſie I haue ſent all his ſeales
Backe againe by you.
Man. Well, ſir, I will doe your arrant. *Exit.*

George.

George. Nowe let him tell his Lord, that he hath
Spoke with George a Greene,
Right pinner of merrie Wakefield towne,
That hath phiſicke for a foole,
Pilles for a traytour that doeth wrong his Soueraigne.
Are you content with this that I haue done?
Iuſtice. I, content, George:
For highly haſt thou honourd Wakefield towne,
In cutting of proud Mannering ſo ſhort.
Come, thou ſhalt be my welcome gheſt to day;
For well thou haſt deſeru'd reward and fauour.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter olde Muſgroue, and yong Cuddie his ſonne. *Sc. iii*

Cuddie. Nowe gentle father liſt vnto thy ſonne,
And for my mothers loue,
That earſt was blythe and bonny in thine eye,
Graunt one petition that I ſhall demaund.
Olde Muſgroue. What is that, my Cuddie?
Cuddie. Father, you knowe the ancient enmitie of late,
Betweene the Muſgroues and the wily Scottes,
Whereof they haue othe,
Not to leaue one aliue that ſtrides a launce.
O Father, you are olde, and wayning age vnto the graue:
Olde William Muſgroue, which whilome was thought,
The braueſt horſeman in all Weſtmerland,
Is weake, and forſt to ſtay his arme vpon a ſtaffe,
That earſt could wield a launce:

Then, gentle Father, reſigne the hold to me;
Giue armes to youth, and honour vnto age.
Muſ. Auaunt, falſe hearted boy, my ioynts doe quake,
Euen with anguiſh of thy verie words.
Hath William Muſgroue ſeene an hundred yeres?
Haue I bene feard and dreaded of the Scottes,
That when they heard my name in any roade,
They fled away, and poſted thence amaine?
And ſhall I dye with ſhame nowe in mine age?
No, Cuddie, no, thus reſolue I,
Here haue I liu'd, and here will Muſgroue dye.

Exeunt omnes.

Sc. iv *Enter Lord Bonfild, Sir Gilbert Armeſtrong, M. Grime, and Bettris his daughter.*

Bon. Now, gẽtle Grime, God a mercy for our good chere,
Our fare was royall, and our welcome great;
And ſith ſo kindly thou haſt entertained vs,
If we returne with happie victorie,
We will deale as friendly with thee in recompence.
Grime. Your welcome was but dutie, gentle Lord:
For wherefore haue we giuen vs our wealth,
But to make our betters welcome when they come?
O, this goes hard when traytours muſt be flattered:
But life is ſweete, and I cannot withſtand it.
God (I hope) will reuenge the quarrell of my King.
Gilb. What ſaid you, Grime?
Grime. I ſay, ſir Gilbert, looking on my daughter,
I curſe the houre that ere I got the girle:

For

For ſir, ſhe may haue many wealthy ſuters,
And yet ſhe diſdaines them all, to haue
Poore George a Greene vnto her husband.
Bonfild. On that, good Grime, I am talking with thy Daughter;
But ſhe in quirkes and quiddities of loue,
Sets me to ſchoole, ſhe is ſo ouerwiſe.
But, gentle girle, if thou wilt forſake
The pinner, and be my loue, I will aduaunce thee high:
To dignifie thoſe haires of amber hiew,
Ile grace them with a chaplet made of pearle,
Set with choice rubies, ſparkes, and diamonds,
Planted vpon a veluet hood to hide that head,
Wherein two ſaphires burne like ſparkling fire:
This will I doe, faire Bettris, and farre more,
If thou wilt loue the Lord of Doncaſter.
Bettris. Heigh ho, my heart is in a higher place,
Perhaps on the Earle, if that be he,
See where he comes, or angrie or in loue;
For why, his colour looketh diſcontent.
Kendall. Come, Nick, followe me.

Enter the Earle of Kendall and Nicholas Mannering.

Bonfild. Howe nowe, my Lord? what newes?
Kendall. Such newes, Bonfild, as will make thee laugh,
And fret thy fill, to heare how Nick was vſde:
Why, the Iuſtices ſtand on their termes;
Nick, as you knowe, is hawtie in his words;

He layd the lawe vnto the Iuſtices,
With threatning braues, that one lookt on another,
Ready to ſtoope: but that a churle came in,
One George a Greene, the pinner of the towne,
And with his dagger drawne layd hands on Nick,
And by no beggers ſwore that we were traytours,
Rent our Commiſsion, and vpon a braue,
Made Nick to eate the ſeales, or brooke the ſtabbe:
Poore Mannering afraid, came poſting hither ſtraight.
Bettris. Oh louely George, fortune be ſtill thy friend,
And as thy thoughts be high, ſo be thy minde,
In all accords, euen to thy hearts deſire.
Bonfild. What ſayes faire Bettris?
Grimes. My Lord, ſhe is praying for George a Greene:
He is the man, and ſhe will none but him.
Bonfild. But him? why, looke on me, my girle:
Thou knoweſt, that yeſternight I courted thee,
And ſwore at my returne to wedde with thee:
Then tell me, loue, ſhall I haue all thy faire?
Bettris. I care not for Earle, nor yet for Knight,
Nor Baron that is ſo bold:
For George a Greene the merrie pinner,
He hath my heart in hold.
Bonfild. Bootleſſe, my Lord, are many vaine replies.
Let vs hye vs to Wakefield, and ſend her the pinners head.
Kend. It ſhall be ſo. Grime, gramercie,
Shut vp thy daughter, bridle her affects,
Let me not miſſe her when I make returne:

Therefore

Therefore looke to her, as to thy life, good Grime.
Grime. I warrant you, my Lord.

Ex. Grime & Bettris.

Ken. And Bettris, leaue a baſe pinner, for to loue an Earle.
Faine would I ſee this pinner George a Greene.
It ſhall be thus:
Nick Mannering ſhall leade on the battell,
And we three will goe to Wakefield in ſome diſguiſe:
But howſoeuer, Ile haue his head today. *Ex. omnes.*

Enter the King of Scots, Lord Humes, with ſouldiers and Iohnie. *Sc. v*

King. Why, Iohnie: then the Earle of Kendall is blithe,
And hath braue men that troupe along with him.
Iohnie. I marie, my liege, and hath good men
That come along with him,
And vowes to meete you at Scrasbleſea, God willing.
King. If good S. Andrewe lend King Iame leaue,
I will be with him at the pointed day.
But ſoft: whoſe pretie boy art thou?

Enter Iane a Barleys ſonne.

Ned. Sir, I am ſonne vnto Sir Iohn a Barley,
Eldeſt and all that ere my mother had,
Edward my name.
Iame. And whither art thou going, pretie Ned?
Ned. To ſeeke ſome birdes, and kill them, if I can:
And now my ſcholemaſter is alſo gone:
So haue I libertie to ply my bowe:

For when he comes, I ſtirre not from my booke.
Iames. Lord Humes, but marke the viſage of this child;
By him I geſſe the beautie of his mother:
None but Læda could breede Helena.
Tell me, Ned, who is within with thy mother.
Ned. Not but her ſelfe and houſhold ſeruants, ſir:
If you would ſpeake with her, knocke at this gate.
Iames. Iohnie, knocke at that gate.

Enter Iane a Barley vpon the walles.

Iane. O, I am betraide: what multitudes be theſe?
Iames. Feare not, faire Iane: for all theſe men are mine,
And all thy friends, if thou be friend to me:
I am thy louer Iames the King of Scottes,
That oft haue ſued and wooed with many letters,
Painting my outward paſsions with my pen,
When as my inward ſoule did bleede for woe:
Little regard was giuen to my ſute,
But haply thy husbands preſence wrought it:
Therefore, ſweete Iane, I fitted me to time;
And hearing that thy husband was from home,
Am come to craue what long I haue deſirde.
Ned. Nay, ſoft you, ſir, you get no entrance here,
That ſeeke to wrong ſir Iohn a Barley ſo,
And offer ſuch diſhonour to my mother.
Iames. Why, what diſhonour, Ned?
Ned. Though young, yet often haue I heard
My father ſay,
No greater wrong than to be made cuckold.

Were

Were I of age, or were my bodie ſtrong,
Were he ten Kings, I would ſhoote him to the heart,
That ſhould attempt to giue ſir Iohn the horne.
Mother, let him not come in,
I will goe lie at Iockie Millers houſe.
Iames. Stay him.
Iane. I, well ſaid, Ned, thou haſt giuen the King
His anſwere:
For were the ghoſt of Ceſar on the earth,
Wrapped in the wonted glorie of his honour,
He ſhould not make me wrong my husband ſo:
But good King Iames is pleaſant, as I geſſe,
And meanes to trie what humour I am in;
Elſe would he neuer haue brought an hoſte of men,
To haue them witnes of his Scottiſh luſt.
Iames. Iane, in faith, Iane.
Iane. Neuer reply: for I proteſt by the higheſt
Holy God,
That doometh iuſt reuenge for things amiſſe,
King Iames of all men ſhall not haue my loue.
Iames. Then liſt to me, Saint Andrewe be my boote,
But Ile raſe thy caſtle to the verie ground,
Vnleſſe thou open the gate, and let me in.
Iane. I feare thee not, King Iamie, doe thy worſt:
This caſtle is too ſtrong for thee to ſcale:
Beſides, to morrowe will ſir Iohn come home.
Iames. Well, Iane, ſince thou diſdainſt King Iames loue,
Ile drawe thee on with ſharpe and deepe extremes:

For by my fathers ſoule, this brat of thine
Shall periſh here before thine eyes,
Vnleſſe thou open the gate, and let me in.
Iane. O deepe extremes: my heart begins to breake:
My little Ned lookes pale for feare.
Cheare thee, my boy, I will doe much for thee.
Ned. But not ſo much, as to diſhonour me.
Iane. And if thou dyeſt, I cannot liue, ſweete Ned.
Ned. Then dye with honour, mother, dying chaſte.
Iane. I am armed:
My husbands loue, his honour, and his fame,
Ioynes victorie by vertue.
Nowe, King Iames, if mothers teares cannot alay thine ire,
Then butcher him; for I will neuer yeeld:
The ſonne ſhall dye, before I wrong the father.
Iames. Why then he dyes.

Allarum within: Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſenger. My Lord, Muſgroue is at hand.
Iames. Who, Muſgroue? The deuill he is. Come,
My horſe. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter olde Muſgroue with King Iames priſoner.

Muſ. Nowe, King Iames, thou art my priſoner.
Iames. Not thine, but fortunes priſoner.

Enter Cuddie.

Cuddie. Father, the field is ours: their colours we
Haue ſeyzed:
And Humes is ſlayne: I ſlewe him hand to hand.

Muſ.

Muſ. God and Saint George.
Cuddie. O father, I am ſore athirſt.
Iane. Come in, young Cuddie, come and drinke thy fill:
Bring in King Iame with you as a gheſt:
For all this broile was cauſe he could not enter.
Exeunt omnes.

Enter George a Greene alone. Sc. vi

George. The ſweete content of men that liue in loue,
Breedes fretting humours in a reſtleſſe minde,
And fanſie being checkt by fortunes ſpite,
Growes too impatient in her ſweete deſires:
Sweete to thoſe men whome loue leades on to bliſſe,
But ſowre to me, whoſe happe is ſtill amiſſe.

Enter the Clowne.

Ienkin. Marie amen, ſir.
George. Sir, what doe you crye, Amen at?
Ienkin. Why, did not you talke of loue?
George. Howe doe you knowe that?
Ienkin. Well, though I ſay it that ſhould not ſay it,
There are fewe fellowes in our pariſh,
So netled with loue, as I haue bene of late.
Geor. Sirra, I thought no leſſe, when the other morning,
You roſe ſo earely to goe to your wenches.
Sir, I had thought you had gone about my honeſt buſines.
Ienkin. Trow you haue hit it: for maſter, be it knowne
To you,
There is ſome good will betwixt Madge the Souſewife,
And I,

Marie ſhe hath another louer.
George. Canſt thou brooke any riuals in thy loue?
Ien. A rider? no, he is a ſow-gelder, and goes afoote.
But Madge pointed to meete me in your wheate cloſe.
Georg. Well, did ſhe meete you there?
Ien. Neuer make queſtion of that:
And firſt I ſaluted her with a greene gowne,
And after fell as hard a wooing,
As if the Prieſt had bin at our backs, to haue married vs.
Georg. What, did ſhe grant?
Ien. Did ſhe graunt? Neuer make queſtion of that:
And ſhe gaue me a ſhirt coler,
Wrought ouer with no counterfet ſtuffe.
Georg. What, was it gold?
Ien. Nay, twas better than gold.
Georg. What was it?
Ien. Right Couentrie blew,
Who had no ſooner come there, but wot you who came by.
Georg. No, who?
Ien. Clim the ſow-gelder.
Georg. Came he by?
Ien. He ſpide Madge and I ſit together,
He leapt from his horſe, laid his hand on his dagger, and
Began to ſweare.
Now I ſeeing he had a dagger,
And I nothing but this twig in my hand,
I gaue him faire words and ſaid nothing.

He

He comes to me and takes me by the boſome,
You hoorſen ſlaue, ſaid he, hold my horſe,
And looke he take no colde in his feete.
No marie ſhall he ſir, quoth I,
Ile lay my cloake vnderneath him:
I tooke my cloake, ſpread it all along,
And his horſe on the midſt of it.
Georg. Thou clowne, didſt thou ſet his horſe vpon
Thy cloake?
Ien. I, but marke how I ſerued him:
Madge and he was no ſooner gone downe into the ditch,
But I plucked out my knife,
Cut foure hoales in my cloake, and made his horſe ſtand
On the bare ground.
Geor. Twas well done: now ſir, go and ſuruay my fields:
If you finde any cattell in the corne, to pound with them.
Ien. And if I finde any in the pound,
I ſhall turne them out. *Exit Ienkin.*

Enter the Earle of Kendal, Lord Bonfield, ſir Gilbert, all diſguiſed, with a traine of men.

Kend. Now we haue put the horſes in the corne,
Let vs ſtand in ſome corner for to heare,
What brauing tearmes the pinner will breathe,
When he ſpies our horſes in the corne.

Enter Iacke blowing of his horne.

Ien. O maſter where are you? we haue a priſe.
Georg. A priſe, what is it?

Ienkin. Three goodly horſes in our wheate cloſe.
George. Three horſes in our wheat cloſe? whoſe be they?
Ienkin. Marie thats a riddle to me: but they are there:
Veluet horſes, and I neuer ſawe ſuch horſes before. As my dutie was, I put off my cappe, and ſaid as followeth:
My maſters, what doe you make in our cloſe?
One of them hearing me aske what he made there, held vp his head and neighed, and after his maner laught as heartily as if a mare had bene tyed to his girdle. My maſters, ſaid I, it is no laughing matter; for if my maſter take you here, you goe, as round as a top, to the pound. Another vntoward iade hearing me threaten him to the pound, and to tell you of them, caſt vp both his heeles, and let ſuch a monſtrous great fart; that was as much as in his language to ſay, A fart for the pound, and a fart for George a Greene. Nowe I hearing this, put on my cap, blewe my horne, called them all iades, and came to tell you.
George. Nowe ſir, goe and driue me thoſe three horſes
To the pound.
Ienkin. Doe you heare? I were beſt take a conſtable
With me.
George. Why ſo?
Why, they being gentlemens horſes, may ſtand on their
Reputation, and will not obey me.
George. Goe doe as I bid you, ſir.
Ienkin. Well, I may goe.

The Earle of Kendall, the Lord Bonfild, and ſir Gilbert Armeſtrong meete them.

Kend.

Kend. Whither away, ſir?
Ienkin. Whither away? I am going to put the horſes
In the pound.
Kend. Sirra, thoſe three horſes belong to vs, and we put
Them in, and they muſt tarrie there, and eate their fill.
Ienkin. Stay, I will goe tell my maſter.
Heare you, maſter? we haue another priſe:
Thoſe three horſes be in your wheate cloſe ſtill,
And here be three geldings more.
George. What be theſe?
Ienkin. Theſe are the maſters of the horſes.
George. Nowe, gentlemen, I knowe not your degrees,
But more you cannot be, vnleſſe you be Kings,
Why wrong you vs of Wakefield with your horſes?
I am the pinner, and before you paſſe,
You ſhall make good the treſpaſſe they haue done.
Kend. Peace, ſaucie mate, prate not to vs:
I tell thee, pinner, we are gentlemen.
George. Why ſir, ſo may I ſir, although I giue no armes.
Kend. Thou? howe art thou a gentleman?
Ienkin. And ſuch is my maſter, and he may giue as good
Armes, as euer your great grandfather could giue.
Kend. Pray thee let me heare howe?
Ienkin. Marie my maſter may giue for his armes,
The picture of Aprill in a greene ierkin,
With a rooke on one fiſt, and an horne on the other:
But my maſter giues his armes the wrong way;
For he giues the horne on his fiſt:

And your grandfather, becauſe he would not loſe his Armes,
Weares the horne on his owne head.
Kend. Well pinner, ſith our horſes be in,
In ſpite of thee they now ſhall feede their fill,
And eate vntill our leaſures ſerue to goe.
George. Now by my fathers ſoule,
Were good king Edwards horſes in the corne,
They ſhall amend the ſcath or kiſſe the pound,
Much more yours ſir, whatſoere you be.
Kend. Why man, thou knoweſt not vs,
We do belong to Henry Momford Earle of Kendal,
Men that before a month be full expirde,
Will be king Edwards betters in the land.
Georg. King Edwards better, rebell, thou lieſt.

George ſtrikes him.

Bonfild. Villaine, what haſt thou done? thou haſt ſtroke An Earle.
Geor. Why what care I? A poore man that is true,
Is better then an Earle, if he be falſe:
Traitors reape no better fauours at my hands.
Kend. I, ſo me thinks, but thou ſhalt deare aby this blow.
Now or neuer lay hold on the pinner.

Enter all the ambush.

Georg. Stay, my Lords, let vs parlie on theſe broiles:
Not Hercules againſt two, the prouerbe is,
Nor I againſt ſo great a multitude.
Had not your troupes come marching as they did,

I would

I would haue ſtopt your paſſage vnto London :
But now Ile flie to ſecret policie.
Kend. What doeſt thou murmure, George ?
George. Marie this, my Lord, I muſe,
If thou be Henrie Momford Kendals Earle,
That thou wilt doe poore G. a Greene this wrong,
Euer to match me with a troupe of men.
Kend. Why doeſt thou ſtrike me then ?
Geor. Why my Lord, meaſure me but by yonr ſelfe :
Had you a man had ſeru'd you long,
And heard your foe miſuſe you behinde your backe,
And would not draw his ſword in your defence,
You would caſhere him.
Much more, king Edward is my king :
And before Ile heare him ſo wrong'd,
Ile die within this place,
And maintaine good whatſoeuer I haue ſaid.
And if I ſpeake not reaſon in this caſe,
What I haue ſaid Ile maintaine in this place.
Bon. A pardon my Lord for this pinner,
For truſt me he ſpeaketh like a man of worth.
Kend. Well, George, wilt thou leaue Wakefielde and Wend with me,
Ile freely put vp all and pardon thee.
Georg. I my Lord, conſidering me one thing,
You will leaue theſe armes and follow your good king.
Ken. Why George, I riſe not againſt king Edward,
But for the poore that is oppreſt by wrong,

And if King Edward will redreſſe the ſame,
I will not offer him diſparagement,
But otherwiſe; and ſo let this ſuffiſe:
Thou hear'ſt the reaſon why I riſe in armes.
Nowe wilt thou leaue Wakefield, and wend with me,
Ile make thee captaine of a hardie band,
And when I haue my will, dubbe thee a knight.
George. Why, my Lord, haue you any hope to winne?
Kend. Why, there is a prophecie doeth ſay,
That King Iames and I ſhall meete at London,
And make the King vaile bonnet to vs both.
Geo. If this were true, my Lord, this were a mighty reaſon
Ken. Why, it is a miraculous prophecie, and cannot faile.
George. Well, my Lord, you haue almoſt turned me.
Ienkin, come hither.
Ienkin. Sir.
George. Goe your waies home, ſir,
And driue me thoſe three horſes home vnto my houſe,
And powre them them downe a buſhell of good oates.
Ienkin. Well, I will. Muſt I giue theſe ſcuruie horſes
Oates? *Exit Ienkin.*
Geor. Will it pleaſe you to commaund your traine aſide?
Kend. Stand aſide. *Exit the trayne.*
George. Nowe liſt to me:
Here in a wood not farre from hence,
There dwels an old man in a caue alone,
That can foretell what fortunes ſhall befall you,
For he is greatly skilfull in magike arte:

Goe

Go you three to him early in the morning,
And queſtion him if he ſaies good,
Why then my Lord, I am the formoſt man,
We will march vp with your campe to London.
Kend. George, thou honoureſt me in this:
But where ſhall we finde him out?
George. My man ſhall conduct you to the place:
But good my Lords tell me true what the wiſe man ſaith.
Kend. That will I, as I am Earle of Kendal.
George. Why then, to honour G. a Greene the more,
Vouchſafe a peece of beefe at my poore houſe,
You ſhall haue wafer cakes your fill,
A peece of beefe hung vp ſince Martilmas,
If that like you not, take what you bring for me.
Kend. Gramercies, George. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter George a Greenes boy VVily, diſguiſed like a woman to M. Grimes. Sc. vii

VVily. O what is loue? it is ſome mightie power,
Elſe could it neuer conquer G. a Greene:
Here dwels a churle that keepes away his loue,
I know the worſt and if I be eſpied,
Tis but a beating, and if I by this meanes
Can get faire Bettris forth her fathers dore,
It is inough, Venus for me, and all goes alone,
Be aiding to my wily enterpriſe.

He knocks at the doore.

Enter Grime.

Gri. How now, who knocks there? what would you haue?

From whence came you? where doe you dwell?
VVily. I am, forſooth, a ſemſters maide hard-by,
That hath brought worke home to your daughter.
Grime. Nay, are you not ſome craftie queane,
That comes from George a Greene, that raſcall,
With ſome letters to my daughter?
I will haue you ſearcht.
VVily. Alas, ſir, it is Hebrue vnto me,
To tell me of George a Greene, or any other:
Search me good ſir,
And if you finde a letter about me,
Let me haue the puniſhment that is due.
Grime. Why are you mufled? I like you the worſe
For that.
VVily. I am not, ſir, aſham'd to ſhew my face,
Yet loth I am my cheekes ſhould take the aire,
Not that I am charie of my beauties hue,
But that I am troubled with the tooth-ach ſore.
Grime. A pretie wench of ſmiling countenance,
Olde men can like, although they cannot loue,
I, and loue, though not ſo briefe as yong men can.
Well, goe in, my wench, and ſpeake with my daughter.
Exit.
I wonder much at the Earle of Kendall,
Being a mightie man, as ſtill he is,
Yet for to be a traitor to his king,
Is more then God or man will well allow:
But what a foole am I to talke of him?

My

My minde is more heere of the pretie laſſe:
Had ſhe brought ſome fortie pounds to towne,
I could be content to make her my wife:
Yet I haue heard it in a prouerbe ſaid,
He that is olde, and marries with a laſſe,
Lies but at home, and prooues himſelfe an aſſe.

Enter Bettris in VVilies apparell to Grime.

How now, my wench, how iſt? what not a word? 660
Alas, poore ſoule, the tooth-ach plagues her ſore.
Well, my wench, here is an Angel for to buy thee pinnes,
And I pray thee vſe mine houſe,
The oftner the more welcome: farewell. *Exit.*
Bettris. O bleſſed loue, and bleſſed fortune both.
But Bettris, ſtand not here to talke of loue,
But hye thee ſtraight vnto thy George a Greene:
Neuer went Roe-bucke ſwifter on the downes, 668
Then I will trip it till I ſee my George. *Exit.*

Enter the Earle of Kendall, L. Bonfield, ſir Gilbert, and Ienkin the clowne. *Sc. viii*

Kend. Come away Ienkin.
Ien. Come, here is his houſe. Where be you, ho?
Georg. Who knocks there?
Kend. Heere are two or three poore men, father,
Would ſpeake with you.
Georg. Pray giue your man leaue to leade me forth.
Kend. Goe, Ienkin, fetch him forth.
Ien. Come, olde man.

Enter George a Greene diſguiſed. 680

Kend. Father, heere is three poore men come to queſtion
Thee a word in ſecrete that concernes their liues.
George. Say on my ſonnes.
Kend. Father, I am ſure you heare the newes,
How that the Earle of Kendal wars againſt the king,
Now father we three are Gentlemen by birth,
But yonger brethren that want reuenues,
And for the hope we haue to be preferd,
If that we knew that we ſhall winne,
We will march with him:
If not, we will not march a foote to London more.
Therefore good father, tell vs what ſhall happen,
Whether the King or the Earle of Kendal ſhall win.
George. The king, my ſonne.
Kend. Art thou ſure of that?
George. I, as ſure as thou art Henry Momford,
The one L. Bonfild, the other ſir Gilbert.
Kend. Why this is wondrous, being blinde of ſight,
His deepe perſeuerance ſhould be ſuch to know vs.
Gilb. Magike is mightie, and foretelleth great matters:
In deede Father, here is the Earle come to ſee thee,
And therefore good father fable not with him.
George. Welcome is the Earle to my poore cell,
And ſo are you my Lords: but let me counſell you,
To leaue theſe warres againſt your king,
And liue in quiet.
Kend. Father, we come not for aduice in warre,
But to know whether we ſhall win or leeſe.

George.

Georg. Loſe gentle Lords, but not by good king Edward:
A baſer man ſhall giue you all the foile.
Kend. I marie father, what man is that?
George. Poore George a Greene the pinner.
Kend. What ſhall he?
George. Pull all your plumes, and ſore diſhonour you.
Kend. He, as how?
George. Nay, the end tries all, but ſo it will fall out.
Kend. But ſo it ſhall not by my honor Chriſt.
Ile raiſe my campe, and fire Wakefield towne,
And take that ſeruile pinner George a Greene,
And butcher him before king Edwards face.
George. Good my Lord be not offended,
For I ſpeake no more then arte reueales to me:
And for greater proofe,
Giue your man leaue to fetch me my ſtaffe.
Kend. Ienkin, fetch him his walking ſtaffe.
Ien. Here is your walking ſtaffe.
George. Ile proue it good vpon your carcaſes:
A wiſer wiſard neuer met you yet,
Nor one that better could foredoome your fall:
Now I haue ſingled you here alone,
I care not though you be three to one.
Kend. Villaine, haſt thou betraid vs?
Georg. Momford, thou lieſt, neuer was I traitor yet;
Onely deuis'd this guile to draw you on,
For to be combatants.
Now conquere me, and then march on to London:

But ſhall goe hard, but I will hold you taske.
Gilb. Come, my Lord, cheerely, Ile kill him hand to hand.
Kend. A thouſand pound to him that ſtrikes that ſtroke.
Georg. Then giue it me, for I will haue the firſt.

Here they fight, George kils ſir Gilbert, and takes the other two priſoners.

Bonfild. Stay, George, we doe appeale.
George. To whom.
Bon. Why, to the king:
For rather had we bide what he appoynts,
Then here be murthered by a ſeruile groome.
Kend. What wilt thou doe with vs?
Georg. Euen as Lord Bonfild wiſt,
You ſhall vnto the king,
And for that purpoſe ſee where the Iuſtice is placed.

Enter Iuſtice.

Iuſt. Now, my Lord of Kendal, where be al your threats?
Euen as the cauſe, ſo is the combat fallen,
Elſe one could neuer haue conquerd three.
Kend. I pray thee, Woodroffe, doe not twit me:
If I haue faulted, I muſt make amends.
Geor. Maſter Woodroffe, here is not a place for many Words,
I beſeech ye ſir, diſcharge all his ſouldiers,
That euery man may goe home vnto his owne houſe.
Iuſtice. It ſhall bee ſo, what wilt thou doe George?
Geor. Maſter Woodroffe, looke to your charge,
Leaue me to my ſelfe.

Iuſt.

Iuſt. Come, my Lords. *Exit all but George.*
Geor. Here ſit thou, George, wearing a willow wreath,
As one deſpairing of thy beautious loue:
Fie George no more,
Pine not away for that which cannot be:
I cannot ioy in any earthly bliſſe,
So long as I doe want my Bettris.

Enter Ienkin.

Ien. Who ſee a maſter of mine?
George. How now, ſirrha, whither away?
Ien. Whither away? why who doe you take me to bee?
Georg. Why Ienkin my man.
Ien. I was ſo once in deede, but now the caſe is altered.
George. I pray thee, as how?
Ien. Were not you a fortune teller to day?
Georg. Well, what of that?
Ien. So ſure am I become a iugler.
What will you ſay if I iuggle your ſweete heart?
George. Peace, prating loſell, her ielous father
Doth wait ouer her with ſuch ſuſpitious eyes,
That if a man but dally by her feete,
He thinks it ſtraight, a witch to charme his daughter.
Ien. Well, what will you giue me, if I bring her hither?
George. A ſute of greene, and twentie crownes beſides.
Ien. Well, by your leaue, giue me roome,
You muſt giue me ſomething that you haue lately worne.
George. Here is a gowne, will that ſerue you?
Ienkin. I, this will ſerue me: keepe out of my circle,

Leaſt you be torne in peeces with ſhee deuils:
Miſtres Bettris, once, twice, thrice.
He throwes the ground in, and she comes out.
Oh is this no cunning?
George. Is this my loue, or is it but her ſhadow?
Ienkin. I this is the ſhadow, but heere is the ſubſtance.
George. Tell mee ſweete loue, what good fortune
Brought thee hither:
For one it was that fauoured George a Greene.
Bettris. Both loue & fortune brought me to my George,
In whoſe ſweete ſight is all my hearts content.
Geor. Tell mee ſweete loue, how camſt thou from thy Fathers?
Bettris. A willing minde hath many ſlips in loue:
It was not I, but Wily thy ſweete boy.
Geor. And where is Wily now?
Bettris. In my apparell in my chamber ſtill.
Geor. Ienkin, come hither: Goe to Bradford,
And liſten out your fellow Wily.
Come, Bettris, let vs in,
And in my cottage we will ſit and talke.
Exeunt omnes.

Sc. ix *Enter King Edward, the king of Scots, Lord VVarwicke, yong Cuddy, and their traine.*

Edward. Brother of Scotland, I doe hold it hard,
Seeing a league of truce was late confirmde
Twixt you and me, without diſpleaſure offered,
You ſhould make ſuch inuaſion in my land,

The

The vowes of kings ſhould be as oracles,
Not blemiſht with the ſtaine of any breach,
Chiefly where fealtie and homage willeth it.
Iames. Brother of England, rub not the ſore afreſh,
My conſcience grieues me for my deepe miſdeede,
I haue the worſt, of thirtie thouſand men,
There ſcapt not full fiue thouſand from the field.
Edward. Gramercie, Muſgroue, elſe it had gone hard.
Cuddie, Ile quite thee well ere we two part.
Iames. But had not his olde Father William Muſgroue
Plaid twice the man, I had not now bene here,
A ſtronger man I ſeldome felt before,
But one of more reſolute valiance,
Treads not I thinke vpon the Engliſh ground.
Edward. I wot wel, Muſgroue ſhall not loſe his hier.
Cuddie. And it pleaſe your grace, my father was
Fiue ſcore and three at Midſommer laſt paſt,
Yet had king Iamie bene as good as George a Greene,
Yet Billy Muſgroue would haue fought with him.
Edward. As George a Greene, I pray thee, Cuddie,
Let me queſtion thee,
Much haue I heard ſince I came to my crowne,
Many in manner of a prouerbe ſay,
Were he as good as G. a Green, I would ſtrike him ſure:
I pray thee tell me, Cuddie, canſt thou informe me,
What is that George a Greene.
Cuddie. Know, my Lord, I neuer ſaw the man,
But mickle talke is of him in the Country,

They ſay he is the Pinner of Wakefield towne,
But for his other qualities, I let alone.
VVar. May it pleaſe your grace, I know the mã too wel.
Edward. Too well, why ſo, Warwicke?
VVar. For once he ſwingde me, till my bones did ake.
Edward. Why, dares he ſtrike an Earle?
VVarw. An Earle my Lord, nay he wil ſtrike a king,
Be it not king Edward.
For ſtature he is framde,
Like to the picture of ſtoute Hercules,
And for his carriage paſſeth Robin Hood.
The boldeſt Earle or Baron of your land,
That offereth ſcath vnto the towne of Wakefield,
George will arreſt his pledge vnto the pound,
And who ſo reſiſteth beares away the blowes,
For he himſelfe is good inough for three.
Edward. Why this is wondrous, my L. of Warwicke,
Sore do I long to ſee this George a Greene.
But leauing him, what ſhall we do, my Lord,
For to ſubdue the rebels in the North?
They are now marching vp to Doncaſter.
Enter one with the Earle of Kendal priſoner.
Soft, who haue we there?
Cuddie. Here is a traitour, the Earle of Kendal.
Edward. Aſpiring traitour, how darſt thou once
Caſt thine eyes vpon thy Soueraigne,
That honour'd thee with kindenes and with fauour?
But I will make thee buy this treaſon deare.

Kend.

Kend. Good my Lord. *Edw.* Reply not, traitour.
Tell me, Cuddy, whoſe deede of honour
Wonne the victorie againſt this rebell.
Cuddy. George a Greene the Pinner of Wakefield.
Edward. George a Greene, now ſhall I heare newes
Certaine what this Pinner is:
Diſcourſe it briefly, Cuddy, how it befell.
Cud. Kendall and Bonfild, with ſir Gilbert Armſtrong,
Came to Wakefield Towne diſguiſd,
And there ſpoke ill of your grace,
Which George but hearing, feld them at his feete,
And had not reſcue come into the place,
George had ſlaine him in his cloſe of wheate.
Edward. But Cuddy, canſt thou not tell
Where I might giue and grant ſome thing,
That might pleaſe, & highly gratifie the pinners thoughts?
Cuddie. This at their parting George did ſay to me,
If the king vouchſafe of this my ſeruice,
Then gentle Cuddie kneele vpon thy knee,
And humbly craue a boone of him for me.
Edward. Cuddie, what is it?
Cuddie. It is his will your grace would pardon them,
And let them liue although they haue offended.
Edward. I thinke the man ſtriueth to be glorious.
Well, George hath crau'd it, and it ſhall be graunted,
Which none but he in England ſhould haue gotten.
Liue Kendall, but as priſoner,
So ſhalt thou end thy dayes within the tower.

Kend. Gracious is Edward to offending ſubiects.
Iames. My Lord of Kend. you are welcome to the court.
Edward. Nay, but ill come as it fals out now,
I, ill come in deede, were it not for George a Greene,
But gentle king, for ſo you would auerre,
And Edwards betters, I ſalute you both,
And here I vowe by good Saint George,
You wil gaine but litle when your ſummes are counted.
I ſore doe long to ſee this George a Greene:
And for becauſe I neuer ſaw the North,
I will forthwith goe ſee it:
And for that to none I will be knowen,
We will diſguiſe our ſelues and ſteale downe ſecretly,
Thou and I king Iames, Cuddie, and two or three,
And make a merrie iourney for a moneth.
Away then, conduct him to the tower.
Come on king Iames, my heart muſt needes be merrie,
If fortune make ſuch hauocke of our foes. *Ex. omnes.*

Sc. x *Enter Robin Hood, Mayd Marian, Scarlet, and Much the Millers ſonne.*

Robin. Why is not louely Marian blithe of cheere?
What ayles my Lemman that ſhe gins to lowre?
Say good Marian why art thou ſo ſad.
Marian. Nothing, my Robin, grieues me to the heart,
But whenſoeuer I doe walke abroad,
I heare no ſongs but all of George a Greene,
Bettris his faire Lemman paſſeth me.
And this my Robin gaules my very ſoule.

Robin.

Robin. Content, what wreakes it vs though George a
Greene be ſtoute,
So long as he doth proffer vs no ſcath?
Enuie doth ſeldome hurt but to it ſelfe,
And therefore, Marian, ſmile vpon thy Robin.
Marian. Neuer will Marian ſmile vpon her Robin,
Nor lie with him vnder the green wood ſhade,
Till that thou go to Wakefield on a greene,
And beate the Pinner for the loue of me.
Robin. Content thee, Marian, I will eaſe thy griefe,
My merrie men and I will thither ſtray,
And heere I vow that for the loue of thee,
I will beate George a Greene, or he ſhall beate me.
Scarlet. As I am Scarlet, next to little Iohn,
One of the boldeſt yeomen of the crew,
So will I wend with Robin all along,
And try this Pinner what he dares do.
Much. As I am Much the Millers ſonne,
That left my Mill to go with thee,
And nill repent that I haue done,
This pleaſant life contenteth me,
In ought I may to doe thee good,
Ile liue and die with Robin Hood.
Marian. And Robin, Marian ſhe will goe with thee,
To ſee faire Bettris how bright ſhe is of blee.
Robin. Marian, thou ſhalt goe with thy Robin.
Bend vp your bowes, and ſee your ſtrings be tight,
The arrowes keene, and euery thing be ready,

And each of you a good bat on his necke,
Able to lay a good man on the ground.
Scarlet. I will haue Frier Tuckes.
Much. I will haue little Iohns.
Robin. I will haue one made of an aſhen plunke,
Able to beare a bout or two.
Then come on, Marian, let vs goe,
For before the Sunne doth ſhew the morning day,
I wil be at Wakefield to ſee this Pinner George a Greene.

Exeunt omnes.

Sc. xi *Enter a Shoomaker ſitting vpon the ſtage at worke, Ienkin to him.*

Ien. My maſters, he that hath neither meate nor money,
And hath loſt his credite with the Alewife,
For any thing I know, may goe ſupperleſſe to bed.
But ſoft who is heere? here is a Shoomaker:
He knowes where is the beſt Ale.
Shoomaker, I pray thee tell me,
Where is the beſt Ale in the towne?
Shoomaker. Afore, afore, follow thy noſe:
At the ſigne of the eggeſhell.
Ienkin. Come Shoomaker, if thou wilt,
And take thy part of a pot.
Shoomaker. Sirra, Downe with your ſtaffe,
Downe with your ſtaffe.
Ienkin. Why how now, is the fellow mad?
I pray thee tell me, why ſhould I hold downe my ſtaffe?
Shooma. You wil downe with him, will you not ſir?

Ienkin.

Ienkin. Why tell me wherefore?
Shoo. My friend, this is the towne of merry Wakefield,
And here is a cuſtome held,
That none ſhall paſſe with his ſtaffe on his ſhoulders,
But he muſt haue a bout with me,
And ſo ſhall you ſir.
Ienkin. And ſo will not I ſir.
Shoo. That wil I try. Barking dogs bite not the foreſt.
Ienkin. I would to God, I were once well rid of him.
Shooma. Now, what, will you downe with your ſtaffe?
Ienkin. Why you are not in earneſt, are you?
Shoomaker. If I am not, take that.
Ienkin. You whoorſen cowardly ſcabbe,
It is but the part of a clapperdudgeon,
To ſtrike a man in the ſtreete.
But dareſt thou walke to the townes end with me?
Shoomaker. I that I dare do: but ſtay till I lay in my
Tooles, and I will goe with thee to the townes end
Preſently.
Ienkin. I would I knew how to be rid of this fellow.
Shoom. Come ſir, wil you go to the townes end now ſir?
Ienkin. I ſir, come.
Now we are at the townes end, what ſay you now?
Shoomaker. Marry come, let vs euen haue a bout.
Ienkin. Ha, ſtay a little, hold thy hands, I pray thee.
Shoomaker. Why whats the matter?
Ienkin. Faith I am vnder-pinner of a towne,
And there is an order, which if I doe not keepe,

I ſhall be turned out of mine office.
Shoomaker. What is that, ſir?
Ienkin. Whenſoeuer I goe to fight with any bodie,
I vſe to flouriſh my ſtaffe thriſe about my head
Before I ſtrike, and then ſhew no fauour.
Shoomaker. Well ſir, and till then I will not ſtrike thee.
Ienkin. Wel ſir, here is once, twice, here is my hand,
I will neuer doe it the third time.
Shoomaker. Why then I ſee we ſhall not fight.
Ienkin. Faith no: come, I will giue thee two pots
Of the beſt Ale, and be friends.
Shoomak. Faith I ſee it is as hard to get water out of a flint,
As to get him to haue a bout with me:
Therefore I will enter into him for ſome good cheere:
My friend, I ſee thou art a faint hearted fellow,
Thou haſt no ſtomacke to fight,
Therefore let vs go to the Alehouſe and drinke.
Ienkin. Well, content, goe thy wayes and ſay thy prayers,
Thou ſcapſt my hands to day. *Exeunt omnes.*

Sc. xii *Enter George a Greene and Bettris.*

George. Tell me ſweet loue, how is thy minde content,
What canſt thou brooke to liue with George a Greene?
Bettris. Oh George, how litle pleaſing are theſe words?
Came I from Bradford for the loue of thee?
And left my father for ſo ſweet a friend?
Here will I liue vntill my life doe end.

Enter Robin Hood, and Marian, and his traine.

George. Happy am I to haue ſo ſweet a loue.

But

But what are theſe come traſing here along?
Bettris. Three men come ſtriking through the corne,
My loue.
George. Backe againe, you fooliſh trauellers,
For you are wrong, and may not wend this way.
Robin Hood. That were great ſhame.
Now by my ſoule, proud ſir,
We be three tall yeomen, and thou art but one:
Come, we will forward in deſpite of him.
George. Leape the ditch, or I will make you skip.
What, cannot the hie way ſerue your turne,
But you muſt make a path ouer the corne?
Robin. Why, art thou mad? dar'ſt thou incounter three?
We are no babes, man, looke vpon our limmes.
Geo. Sirra, the biggeſt lims haue not the ſtouteſt hearts.
Were ye as good as Robin Hood, and his three mery men,
Ile driue you backe the ſame way that ye came.
Be ye men, ye ſcorne to incounter me all at once,
But be ye cowards, ſet vpon me all three,
And try the Pinner what he dares performe.
Scarlet. Were thou as high in deedes,
As thou art haughtie in wordes,
Thou well mighteſt be a champion for a king:
But emptie veſſels haue the loudeſt ſounds,
And cowards prattle more than men of worth.
George. Sirra, dareſt thou trie me?
Scarlet. I ſirra, that I dare.

They fight, and George a Greene beats him.

Much. How now? what art thou downe?
Come, ſir, I am next.

They fight, and George a Greene beates him.

Robin Hood. Come ſirra, now to me, ſpare me not,
For Ile not ſpare thee.

George. Make no doubt, I will be as liberall to thee.

They fight, Robin Hood ſtayes.

Robin Hood. Stay, George, for here I doo proteſt,
Thou art the ſtouteſt champion that euer I layd
Handes vpon.

George. Soft you ſir, by your leaue you lye,
You neuer yet laid hands on me.

Robin Hood. George, wilt thou forſake Wakefield,
And go with me,
Two liueries will I giue thee euerie yeere,
And fortie crownes ſhall be thy fee.

George. Why, who art thou?

Robin Hood. Why, Robin Hood:
I am come hither with my Marian,
And theſe my yeomen for to viſit thee.

George. Robin Hood? next to king Edward
Art thou leefe to me:
Welcome, ſweet Robin, welcome, mayd Marian,
And welcome, you my friends.
Will you to my poore houſe,
You ſhall haue wafer cakes your fill,
A peece of beefe hung vp ſince Martlemas,
Mutton and veale, if this like you not,

Take

Take that you finde, or that you bring for me.
Robin Hood. Godamercies, good George,
Ile be thy gheſt to day.
George. Robin, therein thou honoureſt me.
Ile leade the way. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter King Edward, and King Iames diſguiſed, with two ſtaues. Sc. xiii

Edward. Come on, king Iames, now wee are
Thus diſguiſed,
There is none (I know) will take vs to be kings:
I thinke we are now in Bradford,
Where all the merrie ſhoomakers dwell.

Enter a Shoomaker.

Shoomaker. Downe with your ſtaues, my friends,
Downe with them.
Edward. Downe with our ſtaues? I pray thee, why ſo?
Shoomaker. My friend, I ſee thou art a ſtranger heere,
Elſe wouldeſt thou not haue queſtiond of the thing.
This is the towne of merrie Bradford,
And here hath beene a cuſtome kept of olde,
That none may beare his ſtaffe vpon his necke,
But traile it all along throughout the towne,
Vnleſſe they meane to haue a bout with me.
Edward. But heare you ſir, hath the king
Granted you this cuſtome?
Shoomaker. King or Kaiſar, none ſhall paſſe this way,
Except King Edward,
No not the ſtouteſt groome that haunts his court:

Therefore downe with your ſtaues.

Edward. What were we beſt to do?

Iames. Faith, my Lord, they are ſtoute fellowes.
And becauſe we will ſee ſome ſport,
We will traile our ſtaues.

Edward. Heer'ſt thou, my friend?
Becauſe we are men of peace and trauellers,
We are content to traile our ſtaues.

Shoomaker. The way lyes before you, go along.

Enter Robin Hood and George a Greene diſguiſed.

Robin Hood. See George, two men are paſsing
Through the towne,
Two luſtie men, and yet they traile their ſtaues.

George. Robin, they are ſome peſants
Trickt in yeomans weedes. Hollo, you two trauellers.

Edward. Call you vs, ſir?

George. I, you. Are ye not big inough to beare
Your bats vpon your neckes,
But you muſt traile them along the ſtreetes?

Edwar. Yes ſir, we are big inough, but here is a cuſtome
Kept, that none may paſſe his ſtaffe vpon his necke,
Vnleſſe he traile it at the weapons point.
Sir, we are men of peace, and loue to ſleepe
In our whole skins, and therefore quietnes is beſt.

George. Baſe minded peſants, worthleſſe to be men,
What, haue you bones and limmes to ſtrike a blow,
And be your hearts ſo faint, you cannot fight?
Wert not for ſhame, I would ſhrub your ſhoulders well,

And teach you manhood againſt another time.
Shoom. Well preacht ſir Iacke, downe with your ſtaffe.
Edwar. Do you heare my friends? and you be wiſe,
Keepe downe your ſtaues,
For all the towne will riſe vpon you.
George. Thou ſpeakeſt like an honeſt quiet fellow.
But heare you me, In ſpite of all the ſwaines
Of Bradford town, beare me your ſtaues vpou your necks,
Or to begin withall, Ile baſte you both ſo well,
You were neuer better baſted in your liues.
Edward. We will hold vp our ſtaues.

George a Greene fights with the Shoomakers, and beates them all downe.

George. What, haue you any more?
Call all your towne forth, cut, and longtaile.

The Shoomakers ſpy George a Greene.

Shoomaker. What, George a Greene, is it you?
A plague found you,
I thinke you long'd to ſwinge me well.
Come George, we wil cruſh a pot before we part.
George. A pot you ſlaue, we will haue an hundred.
Heere, Will Perkins, take my purſe,
Fetch me a ſtand of Ale, and ſet in the Market place,
That all may drinke that are athirſt this day,
For this is for a feee to welcome Robin Hood
To Bradford towne.

They bring out the ſtande of ale, and fall a drinking.

Here Robin, ſit thou here: for thou art the beſt man

At the boord this day.
You that are ſtrangers, place your ſelues where you will.
Robin, heer's a carouſe to good King Edwards ſelfe,
And they that loue him not, I would we had
The baſting of them a litle.

Enter the Earle of VVarwicke with other noble men, bringing out the Kings garments: then George a Greene and the reſt kneele downe to the King.

Edward. Come, maſters, all fellowes.
Nay, Robin, you are the beſt man at the boord to day.
Riſe vp George.
George. Nay, good my Liege, ill nurturd we were then:
Though we Yorkeſhire men be blunt of ſpeech,
And litle skild in court, or ſuch quaint faſhions,
Yet nature teacheth vs duetie to our king:
Therefore I humbly beſeech you pardon George a Green.
Robin. And good my Lord, a pardon for poore Robin,
And for vs all a pardon, good King Edward.
Shoomaker. I pray you, a pardon for the Shoomakers.
Edward. I frankely grant a pardon to you all.
And, George a Greene, giue me thy hand:
There is none in England that ſhall doe thee wrong.
Euen from my court I came to ſee thy ſelfe;
And now I ſee that fame ſpeakes nought but trueth.
Georg. I humbly thanke your royall Maieſtie.
That which I did againſt the Earle of Kendal,
It was but a ſubiects duetie to his Soueraigne,

And

And therefore little merit ſuch good words.
Edward. But ere I go, Ile grace thee with good deeds.
Say what King Edward may performe,
And thou ſhalt haue it, being in Englands bounds.
George. I haue a louely Lemman,
As bright of blee as is the ſiluer moone,
And olde Grimes her father will not let her match
With me, becauſe I am a Pinner,
Although I loue her, and ſhe me dearely.
Edward. Where is ſhe?
George. At home at my poore houſe,
And vowes neuer to marrie vnleſſe her father
Giue conſent, which is my great griefe, my Lord.
Edward. If this be all, I will diſpatch it ſtraight,
Ile ſend for Grime, and force him giue his grant,
He will not denie king Edward ſuch a ſute.

Enter Ienkin, and ſpeakes.

Ho, who ſaw a maſter of mine?
Oh he is gotten into company, and a b odie ſhould rake
Hell for companie.
George. Peace, ye ſlaue, ſee where King Edward is.
Edward. George, what is he?
George. I beſeech your grace pardon him, he is my man.
Shoomaker. Sirra, the king hath bene drinking with vs,
And did pledge vs too.
Ienkin. Hath he ſo? kneele, I dub you gentlemen.
Shoomaker. Beg it of the King, Ienkin.
Ienkin. I wil. I beſeech your worſhip grant me one thing.

Edward. What is that?
Ienkin. Hearke in your eare.
He whiſpers the king in the eare.
Edward. Goe your wayes and do it.
Ienkin. Come downe on your knees, I haue got it.
Shoomaker. Let vs heare what it is firſt.
Ienkin. Mary, becauſe you haue drunke with the king,
And the king hath ſo graciouſly pledgd you,
You ſhall be no more called Shoomakers.
But you and yours to the worlds ende,
Shall be called the trade of the gentle craft.
Shoomaker. I beſeech your maieſtie reforme this
Which he hath ſpoken.
Ienkin. I beſeech your worſhip conſume this
Which he hath ſpoken.
Edward. Confirme it, you would ſay.
Well, he hath done it for you, it is ſufficient.
Come, George, we will goe to Grime,
And haue thy loue.
Ienkin. I am ſure your worſhip will abide:
For yonder is comming olde Muſgroue,
And mad Cuddie his ſonne.
Maſter, my fellow Wilie comes dreſt like a woman,
And maſter Grime will marrie Wilie: Heere they come.
Enter Muſgroue and Cuddie, and maſter
Grime, VVilie, Mayd Marian
and Bettris.
Edward. Which is thy old father, Cuddie?

Cuddie.

Cuddie. This, if it pleaſe your maieſtie.
Edward. Ah old Muſgroue, kneele vp,
It fits not ſuch gray haires to kneele.
Muſgroue. Long liue my Soueragine,
Long and happie be his dayes:
Vouchſafe, my gracious Lord, a ſimple gift,
At Billy Muſgroues hand:
King Iames at Meddellom caſtle gaue me this,
This wonne the honour, and this giue I thee.
Edward. Godamercie, Muſgroue, for this friendly gift
And for thou feldſt a king with this ſame weapon,
This blade ſhall here dub valiant Muſgroue knight.
Muſgr. Alas what hath your highnes done? I am poore.
Edw. To mend thy liuing take thou Meddellom caſtle,
The hold of both: and if thou want liuing, complaine,
Thou ſhalt haue more to mainetaine thine eſtate.
George, which is thy loue?
George. This, if pleaſe your maieſtie.
Edward. Art thou her aged father?
Grime. I am, and it like your maieſtie.
Edwar. And wilt not giue thy daughter vnto George?
Grime. Yes, my Lord, if he will let me marrie
With this louely laſſe.
Edward. What ſayſt thou, George?
George. With all my heart, my Lord, I giue conſent.
Grime. Then do I giue my daughter vnto George.
VVilie. Then ſhall the mariage ſoone be at an end.
Witneſſe, my Lord, if that I be a woman,

For I am Wilie, boy to George a Greene,
Who for my maſter wrought this ſubtill ſhift.
Edwar. What, is it a boy? what ſayſt thou to this Grime?
Grime. Mary, my Lord, I thinke this boy hath
More knauerie, than all the world beſides.
Yet am I content that George ſhall both haue
My daughter and my lands.
Edward. Now George, it reſts I gratifie thy worth:
And therefore here I doe bequeath to thee,
In full poſſeſſion halfe that Kendal hath,
And what as Bradford holdes of me in chiefe,
I giue it frankely vnto thee for euer.
Kneele downe George.
George. What will your maieſtie do?
Edward. Dub thee a knight, George.
George. I beſeech your grace, grant me one thing.
Edward. What is that?
George. Then let me liue and die a yeoman ſtill:
So was my father, ſo muſt liue his ſonne.
For tis more credite to men of baſe degree,
To do great deeds, than men of dignitie.
Edward. Well, be it ſo George.
Iames. I beſeech your grace diſpatch with me,
And ſet downe my ranſome.
Edward. George a Greene, ſet downe the king of Scots
His ranſome.
George. I beſeech your grace pardon me,
It paſſeth my skill.

Edward.

Edward. Do it, the honor's thine.
George. Then let king Iames make good
Thoſe townes which he hath burnt vpon the borders,
Giue a ſmall penſion to the fatherleſſe,
Whoſe fathers he caus'd murthered in thoſe warres,
Put in pledge for theſe things to your grace,
And ſo returne. King Iames, are you content.
Iamie. I am content: and like your maieſtie,
And will leaue good caſtles in ſecuritie.
Edward. I craue no more. Now George a Greene,
Ile to thy houſe: and when I haue ſupt, Ile go to Aske,
And ſee if Iane a Barley be ſo faire,
As good King Iames reports her for to be.
And for the ancient cuſtome of *Vaile ſtaffe*, keepe it ſtill,
Clayme priuiledge from me:
If any aske a reaſon why? or how?
Say, Engliſh Edward vaild his ſtaffe to you.

FINIS.



PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY